



An ELEGIE

On that Incomparable Example of Hospitality, Charity, and Generosity,

The Thrice-Worthy

WILLIAM WHITMORE, Esq;

Who departed this Life on the Fifth of this Instant *August*, 1678.

GREAT WHITMORE! though I never drank thy *Wine*,
Nor crowded at thy *Liberal Board* to Dine,
Yet give me leave, with an *unbribed Verse*,
To pay just Tribute to thy *Honour'd Herse*.

Ungrateful WITS! could you so often steal,
By Mumping *Visits*, a Recruiting Meal
At his *free Table*, and yet when he Dies,
Not Celebrate aloud his Obsequies?
Now I find how our Poets Fancies beat;
They onely *Write*, whilst they know where to *Eat*.
The *Belly* helps the *Brain*: When WHITMORE's gone,
Apollo's Bankrupt; farewell, *Helicon*.
But I that never yet stoop'd to a *Trencher*,
Flatter'd a *Grande*, nor pimp'd for a *Wencher*,
(Those *thriving Arts*) must, though with weak *Essays*,
Here sacrifice an Hecatomb of Praise,
To let our dull *Degenerate Gentry* know
How much they to this *Great Example* owe.
Whilst others *waste* Estates in wild Deboch,
And cramp the *Manor-house* to a *guilt Coach*;
Turn out of doors their *useless Kitchens*, and
Make Servants, *Horfes-like*, at *Livery* stand;
Though *little Miss*, 'tis fear'd, devours them more
Than Twelve tall *Blue-coats* did their Syres before:
This *Generous Soul* those Sneaking Arts disdain'd,
And *Exil'd* Bounty only with him raig'n'd.
His *Noble Hall* kept a continual Feast,
And all the *Thronging Town* became its Guest.
Such *vast* Provisions in each day were laid,
Pin'd *Cities*, whom ambitious Arms invade, }
One Meal of his *Impregnable* had made.
His Charity so Great, the joyful Poor
Were ne'r sent empty from his well-known Door
With *Misers* Pity, or with *Nabals* Frown,
Which now, alas! our *General Alms* are grown.
If any do their *Bread on Waters* cast,
Repining *Judas* cries, *Why all this wast*?
Or makes them chuse (with subtle hopes of Gain)
Quick *Tiding-streams*, may bring it back again.
Our *Mountebanks* of Zeal cheap Notions nurse,
And love that Piety that *saves* the Purse.
Good Works they count too Chargeable a Theam;
But He strove with true *Goodness* to Redeem
Vertue to *Action*, that Life-feeding Flame
That keeps Religion warm; not swell a Name

Of Faith, *A Mountain-word*, oft made of Air,
And those dear Spoils that wont to dress the Fair
And fruitful Charities full Breasts (of old)
Turning her out to tremble in the Cold.
"What can the *Poor* hope from us, when we be
"Uncharitable ev'n to *Charity*?
Their Wants proclaim his Loss; and now he's gone,
Let no rude Hand presume his Sacred Stone
For to profane with Cheap Inscription:
For we will shed the Tribute of our Tears
So long, till the relenting *Marble* wears;
Which shall such *order* in their Cadence keep,
That they a *Native Epitaph* shall weep,
Until each Letter spelt distinctly lies
Cut by the *mystic* Droppings of our Eyes;
Till then, for the Worlds sake, rather than Thine,
Let these few Lines be Sacred to thy Shrine,

As, An EPI T A P H.

HERE, Reader, lies a pretious Trust
Of Good and *Charitable* Dust:
A Casket Heavens Choice hath been,
To treasure its *Dispencer* in:
One who its Blessings did convey
With *wide-spread* Hands a noble way:
Whose *Board* stood free to Entertain
Guests, though they could not *Bid* again.
Here, in a word, Entomb'd doth lie
Th'old *English Hospitality*,
Now *doubly* dead, and which we fear
Will scarce again this Age appear;
Unless you, Sirs, thus taught to live,
Him back, in his *Example*, give.
Mean time let each *Mouth* he hath fed
Joyn in Applauses of the Dead;
Till like Himself his *Fame* shall be
Vest'd with Immortality.

F I N I S.

With Allowance.